

Our Boys and Girls.

Edited by Aunt Busy.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

SUCH A FUNNY MAN.

I know a very funny man
With nothing much to do
But just to exercise his mind
He taught his dog to mew.
And when the dog had learned to mew,
So pleased he was at that
He took the bark the dog had lost
And taught it to his cat.
Both mew and barks were badly done,
The man himself was cracked.
And neither dog nor cat nor man
Imagined what they lacked.
But quite as funny are the men,
Who go by one strict rule.
As to the things their boys are taught
In college or in school.
Who artists into lawyers turn,
And nature's rights refuse
By making poets of the boys
Who should be cobbling shoes.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews: Aunt Busy wishes to remind the dear young people that the prizes she has promised will be awarded next week, and the pictures of the prize winners will appear in Aunt Busy's department. The dear Ozden children did not try for the prizes, and Aunt Busy is sadly disappointed. Lovingly,
AUNT BUSY.

CONTESTANTS FOR AUNT BUSY'S PRIZES.

Miss Elizabeth Burns, 314 Center street, Salt Lake City.
John E. Ducey of Denver.
Miss Nellie Clancy of Butte.
Miss Mary Vezette of Brookside, Colo.
Miss Nora Crawford, 234 B street, Salt Lake.
Joseph Thomas, Salt Lake.
Miss Mamie McNamara, Tuscarora, Nev.
Miss Ethel Patton, Dewey, Mont.
Leigh Sullivan, Lewiston, Mont.
Thomas Loughlin, Salt Lake.
Georgia Sullivan, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Clara Hughes, Salt Lake.
Alice E. Lackey, Rawlins, Wyo.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 20, 1904.
Dear Aunt Busy: I thought you would be glad to hear from a Cheyenne girl, so I am going to try for the prize. Your loving niece,
GEORGIE SULLIVAN.

Glad, indeed, is Aunt Busy to hear from a wee rosy-cheeked of Wyoming. She will anxiously hope for many more letters.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 22, 1904.
Dear Aunt Busy: I thought I would try to write a story. I am 13 years old and I am in the seventh A. I will have to close now. With love to you, I remain, yours truly,
NELLIE REILLEY.

Aunt Busy has a warm welcome for dear little Nellie. She has neglected Aunt Busy for a long time. The little story is very good, but Aunt Busy can only print stories on the origin of Thanksgiving day for the present, but the story will be published shortly. Write soon again, dear.

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 21, 1904.
Dear Aunt Busy: I suppose you will be greatly surprised to hear from one of your nieces from Rawlins, who has neglected you for so long, but I have never forgot my dear Aunt Busy, and my intentions were always good, for you remember you called me one of your "roses" of Wyoming, and I hope I am not too late to enter the contest on Thanksgiving.

I know by your letters that your nieces are very dear to your heart, but you must not forget your little nieces of Wyoming. Your loving niece,
ALICE LACKEY.

The dear little niece from Wyoming is never too late to be Aunt Busy's niece or "rosebud." Indeed, Aunt Busy has often wondered why the "rosebud garden" of Wyoming neglect her. The Wyoming nieces and nephews are very dear to Aunt Busy, too, but she wishes they would write more frequently.

Cherry Creek, Nev., Nov. 15, 1904.
Dear Aunt Busy: I was so glad to see my letter in the paper that I did not know what to do. We are having very stormy weather here. I do not like it to storm, do you? I had two weeks' vacation not long ago. Ella said to give you her love, Ella knows all her letters and can spell papa, mamma, baby, cat, dog and ax. I send a big kiss. Your loving niece,
MAUDIE PHILAN.

Indeed, Aunt Busy was only too pleased to publish the letter from the dear little girl in Cherry Creek. Aunt Busy appreciates the love and kiss from her two dear little girls.

Dewey, Mont., Nov. 17, 1904.
Dear Aunt Busy: It has been a long time since I wrote you last, but I have not forgotten you. My sister is sending a story for your contest, so I will write you a line, also.

I am 14 years old. I expect to take the eighth grade examination in December, and then, if I am successful, I hope to go to the Sacred Heart academy of Ozden next September.

We have had beautiful weather all fall until yesterday, when it began threatening a storm, which has not come yet.

The Big Hole river flows past our house at the foot of the mountain. About nine miles below a large dam has been built across the river for the purpose of holding water for use in the electric plant. The electricity for Butte is made here, and it furnishes all the mines and smelters with power.

A short distance from this is the pump station, which pumps water up a perpendicular of about 800 feet and across the hills to a reservoir which supplies Butte City with water.

I hope this letter will not be too long to publish. When I began it I just wanted to say I hadn't forgotten you. Ever your loving niece,
ROSAMOND A. PATTON.

How Aunt Busy appreciates hearing from dear Rosamond Patton! She surely thought that the little people in Dewey had forgotten her. The letter is very interesting and "new." Aunt Busy will be pleased to hear from you often.

She would like to see your pretty home, dear. Write soon again, because your letter has given Aunt Busy much pleasure.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Nov. 14.
Dear Aunt Busy: I am 7 years old and I go to school every day, and am in the first A. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. Our priest's name is Father O'Dwyer, and we like him very much. Our church is the nicest in the state. It has fifty-three electric lights in it, and when they are all lighted they look just lovely. We have a little baby sister. Her name is Geneva Elizabeth. Well, I must close. Writing you much love, I remain, your new niece,
MARY CRADDOCK.

Aunt Busy has a warm welcome from the sweet little niece in beautiful Glenwood. Aunt Busy spent a vacation in Glenwood once and she thinks it very lovely. Give a kiss for Aunt Busy to the sweet wee sister with the pretty name, dear.

Glenwood Springs, Nov. 14.
Dear Aunt Busy: I am 4 years old. My mamma reads all the letters in The Intermountain Catholic for us, and I thought you would like a new niece, so here is one and a great big kiss for Aunt Busy. Your little niece,
MAGGIE CRADDOCK.

Much love from Aunt Busy to the dear baby girl whose good little mother reads Aunt Busy's letters for her little daughters. Aunt Busy wants to hear often from the sweet wee girls in Glenwood.

SHORT COMPETITIVE ESSAYS.

Aunt Busy's Boys and Girls Present Observations on Thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims who came over from England and settled in Massachusetts originated Thanksgiving day, now generally observed in this country.

After their arrival for a number of years they had very hard times. The Indians destroyed their crops so that they had very scanty harvests. After a time things began to improve, and the harvests became bountiful. They felt thankful to God because he had prospered them, and to show their thankfulness they prepared a great feast, to which everybody, including the friendly Indians, were invited. Fruits, vegetables and grains of the harvest were on the table; also an abundance of wild turkey, which were shot in the woods.

Such was the first Thanksgiving dinner, and so the turkey ever since has occupied a prominent place on the Thanksgiving table.

CLARA HUGHES.

Thanksgiving day is a national holiday celebrated throughout the United States, and is always proclaimed by the president. Since 1863 it has always been the last Thursday in November. It was first celebrated by the Pilgrims in 1621, one year after their landing at Plymouth Rock, and was set apart as a day of prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings God had showered upon them.

They had gathered in a plentiful harvest, they had fixed their homes as snug and warm as possible for the long cold winter which was soon to come, and everything seemed to look very encouraging.

Then the governor sent forth the best hunters of the colonists, which numbered four, and they brought back waterfowl and turkeys, so you see from the first the turkey had its first appearance on Thanksgiving. For forty-seven years they celebrated, sometimes in the spring after a long, hard winter, and sometimes in the fall after a generous harvest, and often after a miraculous escape from the wild Indians, who roamed the plains.

ALICE E. LACKEY, Rawlins, Wyo.

The Pilgrims, when they landed at Plymouth, not having any meat, sent some of the men to hunt for some. When they returned they had a number of wild turkeys. A Thanksgiving feast was ordered by the governor, at which the turkeys were eaten. Hence we have turkey on Thanksgiving day.

GEORGIA SULLIVAN, Cheyenne, Wyo.

YOUR OWN BOSS.
Now and then I hear a boy say, "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy."

Did you ever know any one that amounted to much, who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was glad to quit.

You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water and frost. He must be home every night and morning to milk the cows. The physician must buy his clothes and groceries of his patients.

Do you think Marshall Field, the great merchant, is independent? Not a bit. He would be unhappy if he were not doing something for the thousands in his great army.

No one can be his own "boss," unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

There is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you. It is to stay right where you are, and begin by ruling yourself. This is the first step. Then begin to help other people, and after awhile you will find them willing to do anything for you.

HOPE FOR POOR BOYS.

The story of the life of Governor-elect Johnson of Minnesota, published in the Herald of yesterday, should be given to every boy in the land to read, for it shows that in this country of limitless opportunity no handicap is too great for ambitious youth to overcome. John A. Johnson's father died a drunkard's death in an almshouse. His mother was compelled to take in washing to support herself and her children. The boy, while but a child, was forced to go to work.

At 14 years of age he was contributing largely to the support of his mother and her other children. But he was not too tired when his day's work was done to study. He was never too tired to read, for this boy had made up his mind that he would not always be a day laborer. It was not long before he had educated himself until he was fitted for a position in a newspaper office. Then he began to save money and today he has a daily paper of his own.

Johnson was the only Democrat elected to a state office in Minnesota last Tuesday. He was elected in spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that his political opponents used against him his humble origin. The people of Minnesota resented an argument like that. A large percentage of the population was born abroad. Many of the people came here to avoid oppression, came because they had been told that in America all men are equal before the law. So they elected Johnson, and they did well, for a man with Johnson's record is sure to make a first-class governor of their great state. His example should be inspiring and encouraging to every working boy and man in the land.

And while we are on the subject we desire to call attention to another Democrat who was elected governor of a strongly Republican state, W. L. Douglas of Massachusetts. Governor-elect Douglas also started in life as a poor boy. While but a child he, too, had to go to work for a living; he, too, had to educate himself by studying in the hours when his working day was over. He started in life as a shoemaker. Now he has built up an industry in which he does hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business every year; he has won the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens and he will make a governor of whom Massachusetts will be proud.—Salt Lake Herald.

NO SPOT TOO REMOTE.

The Rev. Daniel Quinn is an American, a Catholic and, above all, a devout priest. He is a linguist also—head of the Leonine college at Athens, Greece. In the ten years he has passed in sight of the Acropolis, Father Quinn has had few lonesome hours—for even in that far-off land the ubiquitous Celt is in evidence. Several years ago Father Quinn sought for a vacation on the island of Cephalonia, one of the seven Ionian groups off the west coast of Greece. One day while wandering over the island he came upon an institution of learning for women. Father Quinn was invited in by the sister superior, whose name proved to be Murphy. She was reading a history of the Irish race written in Greek. Father Quinn continued his journey to the principal town of the island. There he found that the leading merchant and exporter was a man named O'Toole, of Irish extraction, who spoke no other language than Greek.—Catholic Transcript.

"FATHER FROUT."
As I stood one morning, in Cork, Ireland, listening to the "Shandon Bells," made immortal by that great journalist, poet, humorist and scholar, Father Frank Mahoney, or "Father Frount," I could not help to repeat his lines:

The Bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The glorious waters of the River Lee.

On the 31st of next December will be the centenary of the birth of Francis Sylvester Mahoney (Father Frount). Francis Mahoney was born in Cork in 1804. His classical education was obtained at the Jesuit college at Amiens, and after reading theology in Paris, he received clerical ordination. In London he officiated for some time in the chapel of a Bavarian legation and while there he fell into a society of Bohemians of literature. About 1834, Father Frount began to contribute to an English publication, Fraser's Magazine. His contributions consisted chiefly of translations from the Latin, Greek and Italian verse which he humorously "represents as being the true originals from which the English authors had merely plagiarized them," says a magazine writer.

Francis Sylvester Mahoney, in his "Bells of Shandon," has immortalized himself. Over the waters of the River Lee the "Bells of Shandon" still echo their memory of "Father Frount," his genius and his scholarship. The Rev. Father Russell, S. J., editor of the Irish Monthly, pays the following tribute to "Father Frount":

In deep devotion, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
Of Watergrass-Hill, O, renowned P.P.
May the bells of Shandon
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory.

The songs melodious—which a new Harpist—
"Young Ireland" wrenched round its rebel sword,
With the deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er a festive board;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of the Bells of Shandon.
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Father Frount, born in the Munster, Ireland, that has given to Ireland and to the Irish world distinguished men, will live in the memory of all those who have read: Those Shandon Bells, that "sound so grand on the glorious waters of the River Lee."

And when those Bells of Shandon peal out over the waters of the Lee, to the glory and the universality of Catholicity and every true Irishman, who visits the "Rebel Town" and who listens to their peal, he should lift his hat first to God—next to Father Frount, who made the "Bells of Shandon" famous.
J. McG.

JUDGMENTS AFTER DEATH.

According to the doctrine of the Catholic church, there are two judgments that await us after death—the particular judgment, meted out to each soul directly after its departure from the body at the time of death; and the general judgment of all mankind at the resurrection, on earth's great final day. The church does not teach that every soul is immediately assigned at death either to endless joy or to eternal woe. She teaches us that we go individually to meet our judge; and that many, very many, meet him then, at the particular judgment, who are indeed unprepared for the saints' crown, upon whom, nevertheless, he has infinite compassion. These he assigns to purgatory, an intermediate state of spiritual purgation or cleansing, where they are made ready and pure to enter into eternal bliss.

These souls have already seen his face at that most unforgettable moment after death. Of their own wish they would fly to purgatory in order to be rid of everything that stands between them and the eternal possession of that heavenly vision. What cleanses them, or by what process, make no sort of difference to these souls, ennobled by that first brief glance. They are consumed by the longing to possess their God. They sin no longer; they practice perfect conformity to God's holy will, they wait, they suffer, they endure. Our prayers can relieve them and hasten the hour of their release. But, no matter how long or short the time may be, no matter how severe the pain, one thing they never do, they never question the decrees of God. Nothing that he may do seems to them too hard to bear; nothing seems strange to them, however contrary to our poor blind conceptions of his love or his might while we still live on earth.

Herein are the holy souls our constant patterns. Much is said in our day of God's love and mercy; much is said, also wildly and angrily, against a power that can allow tremendous catastrophes of flood or fire, disease or sudden death. But, all the while, God is God. If, instead of striving to bring him down to our standards, and measure him by our human limitations, we bowed before his justice as well as before his mercy, as the suffering souls always do, peace would be ours. He shall make all things work together for good to them that love him. If there were no trials for our faith, there would be any merit for our love.—Sacred Heart Review.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES.

A few months ago we reported the massacre of some ten Catholic missionaries in New Britain. Intelligence which has come to hand from Sydney indicates that punitive measures have been carried out with terrible severity by the German authorities, seventy of the natives who shared in the guilt of the affair being shot down and a dozen or more captured and doomed to death. Much pleasanter than this news are other tidings which come from Sydney. It appears from a statement published by the Sydney Freeman's Journal that when the details of the massacre reached that city the Protestant community was as much moved by sorrow as the Catholics. Their sympathy found expression in a letter addressed to his Eminence Cardinal Moran by the president of the Evangelical Council of New South Wales. "We were deeply grieved," he wrote, "at the news of the awful massacre of your missionaries in New Britain, and on behalf of my council I desire to tender our heartfelt sympathy with your Church in the loss of so many brave, self-denying workers and with the bereaved families who have lost their loved ones. They are part of the noble army of martyrs, heroes and heroines whose death we all deplore. We pray that God's comfort may ever be with the bereaved, and that you, reverend sir, may feel that the hearts of your Protestant fellow citizens are beating in true Christian sympathy with you in the grief that has come upon your own heart." The Cardinal, in his reply, showed that he was deeply touched by this kindly act. It was an act dictated by a feeling of true Christian brotherhood.—London Catholic Times.

FEWER WOMEN THAN MEN.

The proportion of women is slowly but surely decreasing, and the threatened superfluity of the latter need no longer be feared. An Englishman, Professor Ernest H. Dmwoodie, of the British Royal Geographical society, is compiling a record of the human family. According to him there are at present 2,211,850,000 human beings, of which number 1,388,747,000 are men and 818,103,000 women, the latter representing only 38 per cent of the total inhabitants. The difference has decreased 2 per cent within ten years. In this country there is an estimated population of 40,000,000 women against 42,000,000 men.

More than one-quarter of Canada's population consists of unmarried women of all ages.

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